

STRANGE TALES

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

APPROVED
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STRANGE TALES FEATURING:

THE

GOLEM

THE THING THAT WALKS LIKE A MAN!

NEW AND
SENSATIONAL
FROM MACABRE
MARVEL!

GUNFIRE--
TANKS--
NOTHING WILL
STOP HIM!

IS HE MAN
OR
MONSTER?

FOR CENTURIES HE HAS WAITED--NOW, HE **ATTACKS!**

IN CENTURIES AGONE, THEY HAD CALLED HIM A MYTH, A CREATURE FORMED OF STONE AND CLAY AND THE BLOOD OF A PEOPLE'S OPPRESSION--A MOVING MONOLITH WHO ROSE BEFORE THE YOKE OF TYRANNY--SHATTERED IT IN HIS MONUMENTAL FISTS--THEN VANISHED INTO THE SANDS OF TIME--THERE TO BE ALMOST FORGOTTEN--UNTIL TODAY!

NOW, ONCE MORE, HE RISES--SUMMONED FROM HIS EONS-LONG SLEEP TO PROTECT THOSE HE LOVES. NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN UNTOLD DECADES ...

THERE WALKS THE GOLEM!



Stan Lee PRESENTS:

A MARVEL MILESTONE

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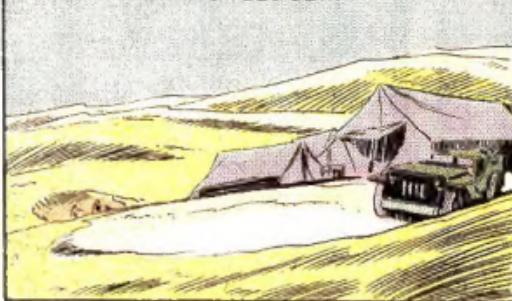
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SAND: A SEA OF IT, RIPPLING IN GRANULAR WAVES TOWARDS THE HORIZON AND BEYOND...

--AND UPON THAT SPRAWLING SEA, SHEETS OF CANVAS, BILLOWING LIKE SAILS IN THE WIND.

EVEN TO A DESOLATE WASTELAND SUCH AS THIS --WHERE NO BIRDS FLY, NO SERPENTS CRAWL-- THERE HAS COME MAN, IN HIS ETERNAL SEARCH FOR KNOWLEDGE...



YOU CERTAINLY
THIS IS THE RIGHT
PLACE, ABE? WE
DIG MUCH DEEP-
ER--AND WE'RE
GOING TO COME OUT
IN SHANGHAI.

WAYNE, HAVE
I EVER LIED
TO YOU?
TRUST ME,
MY BOY--

--AND KEEP
DIGGING.

BUT WE BEEN Y
DIGGIN' FOR
WEEKS,
UNCLE
ABRAHAM.

ARE YOU SURE
WHAT WE'RE
LOOKIN' FOR
IS HERE?

YOU DON'T
TRUST ME
EITHER, JASON?
YOU DON'T
BELIEVE?

THEN COME--
LISTEN TO AN OLD
MAN FOR A
MOMENT--

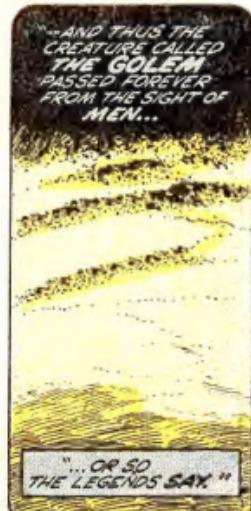
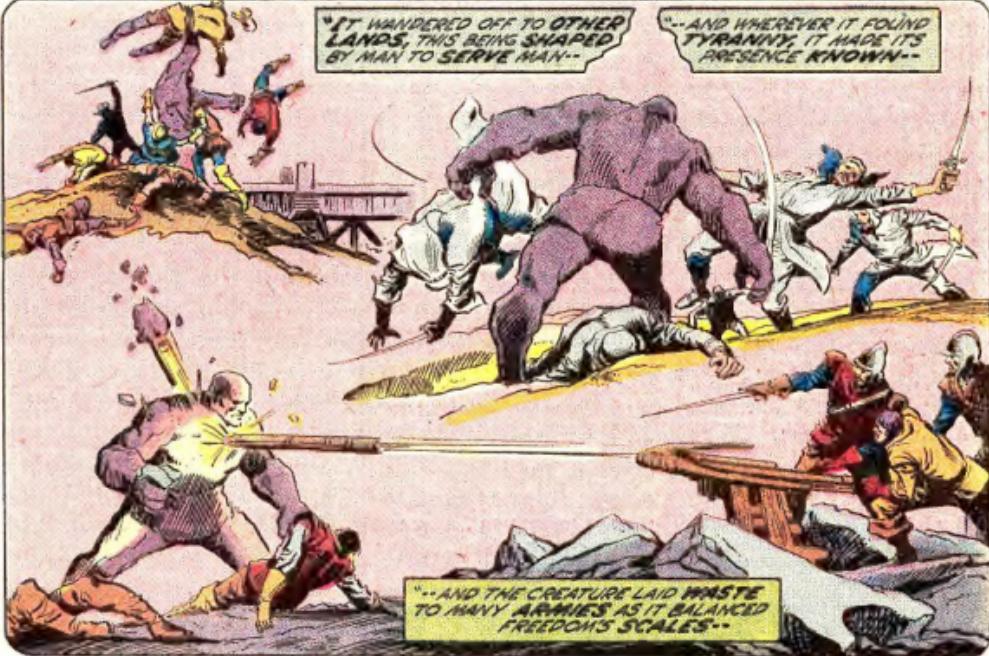
--AND LET ME
REMIND YOU
OF WHAT WE'RE
LOOKING
FOR.

IT BEGAN CENTURIES AGO--OR SO THE
LEGENDS SAY--IN THE CITY OF PRAGUE,
WHERE OUR PEOPLE SUFFERED BENEATH
THE WEIGHT OF A GREAT PERSECUTION--

--UNTIL FINALLY, THE WISE MAN
JUDAH LOEW BEN BEZALEL CON-
STRUCTED A CREATURE IN HUMANOID
FORM--BREATHED LIFE INTO ITS
ROCK-LIKE BODY THRU SUPER-
NATURAL MEANS--

--AND WHEN, AT LAST, THERE WAS
JUSTICE FOR OUR PEOPLE IN THE CITY
OF PRAGUE, THE CREATION OF JUDAH
LOEW VANISHED FROM THEIR MIDST
FOREVER.





HIS STORY ENDED,
PROFESSOR ABRAHAM
ADAMSON PEERS IN-
TENTLY INTO HIS YOUNG
NEPHEW'S EYES-- AND
ALMOST WHISPERS...

JASON, THE LEGENDS
ARE TRUE!"

YOU WOULD KNOW THAT TOO IF
YOU'D STUDIED THESE ANCIENT
PARCHMENTS FOR AS MANY
YEARS AS I HAVE.
MY BOY.

SOMEWHERE
BENEATH US,
THE GOLEM LIES
BURIED-- AND
I'M CERTAIN WE
WILL FIND--
EM?

SHOUTING
FROM THE EX-
CAVATION-- ?

IT
SOUNDS LIKE
MR. LOGAN
C'MON--!

WHAT HAPPENED,
WAYNE? IS SOMETHING WRONG?

WRONG, MY GREAT
AUNT TILLIE! YOU
WERE RIGHT,
PROFESSOR--

--WE'VE
STRUCK
PAY-
DIRT--

--UNLESS THAT
SCULPTURED SKULL HAS
FALLEN OUT OF MY HEAD!

SWIFTLY, BUT CAUTIOUSLY, LEST THEY
ACCIDENTALLY DAMAGE THEIR PRECIOUS
DISCOVERY-- PREPARATIONS ARE
MADE FOR EXHUMATION--
THEN--

OKAY, REBECCA HONEY,
SHE'S ALL HOOKED UP.
START THE WINCH--

--AND
PRAY, CHILD
--PRAY.

WAYNE,
PLEASE. DON'T
EVEN THINK
SUCH A THING.

EASY, REBECCA--
KEEP THAT TENSION
CONSTANT--

--OR YOU'RE LIABLE
TO TEAR THE HEAD
CLEAN OFF THE CREATURE'S
SHOULDERS.

INTERMINABLE
MOMENTS PASS--
THE STRAIN ON
THE WINCH-CABLE
GROWS GREATER
--GREATER--
UNTIL
SUDDENLY--

REBECCA--
STOP!

THE CHAIN
IS TOO TIGHT--
TOO TIGHT--!
YOU'RE GOING TO--

THE AGED PROFESSOR'S NEXT ANXIOUS WORDS ARE *LOST* IN THE ROAR OF ERUPTING EARTH AND SAND--AS THE STRAINING WINCH-CHAIN WINS ITS DESPERATE TUG-OF-WAR TO REVEAL--



CONGRATULATIONS, ABE-- YOU'VE *DONE IT*-- REALIZED THE *DREAM* OF A LIFETIME!

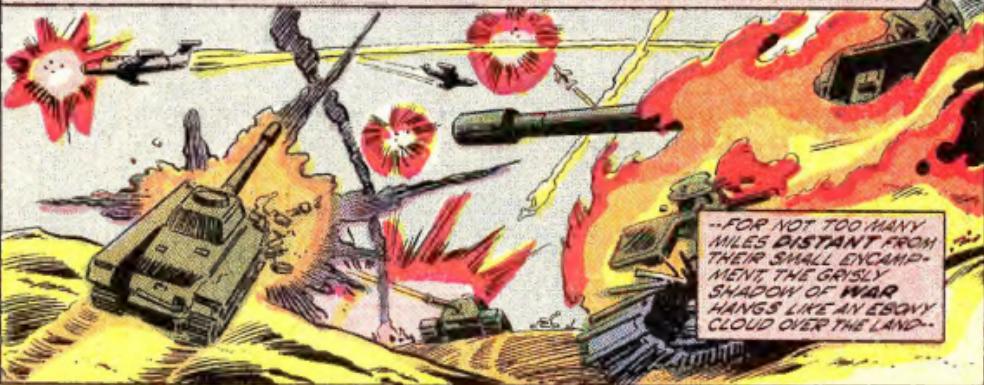


OH, UNCLE ABRAHAM--I'M SO *GLAD* FOR YOU, AFTER ALL YOUR *YEARS* OF STUDYING--PLANNING--DIGGING--

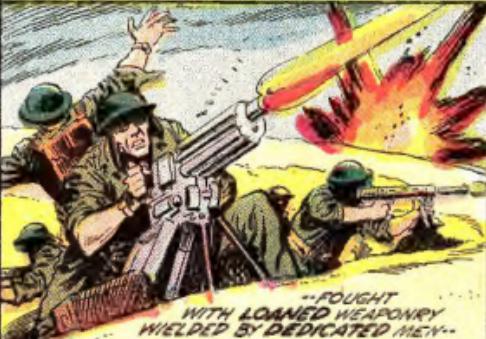
WOW-- I'LL BET THIS IS THE *HAPPIEST* DAY OF YOUR *LIFE*, UNCLE ABE.



BUT ABRAHAM ADAMSON AND COMPANY MAY BE ALONE IN THEIR JOY THIS PARTICULAR DAY--



“A WAR OF TERRITORY, OF IDEOLOGIES-- FOUGHT WITH GREAT FERVOR BUT WITH LITTLE GAIN--



“MEN CHARGED WITH LOVE OF COUNTRY AND THE COURAGE OF THEIR CONVICTIONS, BUT MEN NONTHELESS--



“IMPERFECT, ALL-TOO-HUMAN MEN--

--SO IT IS ALMOST INEVITABLE THAT THE FOLLOWING SCENE TRANSPIRE SOME DAYS LATER AT THE GOOD PROFESSOR'S DIGGINGS...

SO MAGNIFICENT--! ONE WONDERS WHAT FIRE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS COULD HAVE FORGED SUCH A CREATURE AS THIS--!

LORD, WHEN THE FELLOWS AT THE UNIVERSITY TAKE ONE LOOK AT HIM, THEY'LL--

UNCLE ABRAHAM-- COME QUICK!

THERE'S MEN-- SOLDIERS, I THINK-- COMING INTO CAMP!

EFFENDI ADAMSON? PLEASE-- FORGIVE OUR INTRUSION.

I AM COLONEL OMAR OF OUR GOVERNMENT'S PROUD FORCES-- AND THESE, NATURALLY, ARE MY MEN.

COLONEL, THERE'S NO... PROBLEM, IS THERE? WE HAVE YOUR STATE DEPARTMENT'S PERMISSION TO EXCAVATE THIS AREA IF--

NO, EFFENDI ADAMSON-- NOTHING SO FORMAL AS THAT.

MY MEN AND I ARE MERELY ENGAGED IN A--ER-- CHARTING MISSION, AND SINCE YOURS IS THE ONLY ENCAMPMENT FOR MILES AROUND--

YOU ARE MOST GRACIOUS, EFFENDI ADAMSON. WE SHALL DO AS YOU SAY--

YOU THOUGHT YOU'D STOP AND REFRESH YOURSELVES? THEN PLEASE DO, COLONEL. THINK OF EVERYTHING WE HAVE AS YOURS.

--PRECISELY AS YOU SAY!

THE DAY DIES SLOWLY IN THE MIDDLE EAST--
AND IT HAS LONG BEEN TWILIGHT WHEN REBECCA
ADAMSON FINALLY FINDS TIME TO WASH...

A PRETTY
MORSEL,
ABDUL-- IS
SHE NOT?



ABDUL SAYS YOU'LL DO,
PRETTY ONE, COME HERE
TO HASSIM--

--AND LET US SEE
IF HE IS
RIGHT.



NIGHT FALLS--AND THE INCIDENT OF THE LUSTFUL SOLDIERS IS ALMOST FORGOTTEN. SLEEP SETTLES LIKE A HEAVY WOOLEN BLANKET OVER THE CANVAS SHOULDERS OF THE CAMP--

--AN UNEASY SLEEP SUDDENLY SHATTERED BY--

HUM? WHAT WAS--?

IT SOUNDED LIKE ONE OF THE PACKING CRATES FALLING-- OVER IN THE SUPPLY TENT.

WAYNE, THERE'S SOMEONE PROWLING AROUND IN THERE--

RISING FROM THEIR COTS AND DRESSING SWIFTLY, WAYNE LOGAN AND HIS FIANCÉE REBECCA ADAMSON MOVE THRU THE DARKNESS TO INVESTIGATE THE UNEXPECTED SOUND...

'YOU WERE RIGHT, REBECCA--THERE IS SOMEBODY IN THERE--'

--AND IT'S NOT YOUR UNCLE ABRAHAM--'

OMAR'S MEN! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN--!

WELL, I DON'T KNOW IF YOU GENTS MAKE A HABIT OF TOUCHING THINGS THAT BELONG TO YOU--

--BUT IT'S A HABIT I'M GONNA BREAK-- AS OF NOW--!

DOG, YOU WILL DIE FOR THAT--!

BUT HE WOULD DIE OF OLD AGE IF I LEFT IT TO YOU, FOOL!

A SHAME YOU INTRUDED, MEM-- SAMIB ADAMSON--I HAD NOT INTENDED TO HARM YOU-- BUT NOW--!

WAYNE
--NO!

HASSIM--INVITE THE OLD MAN AND THE BOY TO JOIN US!

AND AFTER THE PROFESSOR AND HIS NEPHEW HAVE BEEN ROUSED FROM THEIR REST AND HERDED INTO THE SUPPLY TENT AT GUNPOINT...

YOU WILL PLEASE FORGIVE THIS INCONVENIENCE, EFFENDI. WE WILL DO WHAT WE MUST-- THEN BE ON OUR WAY.

LOOTING... STEALING... WHY, COLONEL? WE'VE SHOWN YOU NOTHING BUT HOSPITALITY HERE.

"WE MAY TAKE ALL YOU HAVE OF VALUE-- BUT AT LEAST WE LEAVE YOU YOUR LIVES."

PERHAPS THEY ARE WORTH SOMETHING?

COLONEL-- LOOK! ANCIENT SCROLLS OF SOME SORT--

A ROVING BAND OF ARMY DESERTERS ACQUIRES ITS SUPPLIES HOWEVER IT CAN, EFFENDI ADAMSON.

DOG, YOU WERE TOLD NOT TO MOVE!

PLEASE-- LEAVE THEM ALONE! THEY ARE ONLY OF WORTH TO ME--

UUNNNHHH!

WE FALLS WITH HARPLYA SIGN--

--AND THE FAMILIAR TWINKLE FADES FROM THE CORNER OF HIS EYES FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS...

SPAWN OF A JACKAL! I SAID THERE WAS TO BE NO KILLING!

BUB J-SUP-AH!

THE DEATH OF A MAN LIKE ADAMSON COULD CAUSE INTERNATIONAL PROTEST--

--THAT WILL NOT LET OUR GOVERNMENT REST UNTIL IT TRACKS US DOWN!

WE WILL HAVE TO TAKE THE OTHERS WITH US AS INSURANCE AGAINST SUCH AN EVENTUALITY.

QUICKLY, DOGS-- GRAB WHAT YOU CAN --AND LET US GO!

AND, MOMENTS LATER, THE RAVAGED TENT STANDS EMPTY--

--SAVE FOR TWO UNMOVING FIGURES--

--AND THE MOURNFUL WHISPER OF THE DESERT WIND.

SUDDENLY, THERE IS
MOVEMENT IN THE TENT
--AS SHAKEN-FRACKED FINGERS
CLASP UPON FRAGILE
PARCHMENT--

--THEN PULL A BULLET-
RIDDLED FIGURE
ACROSS THE HARD-
PACKED FLOOR--



THRU FOGGED EYES, ABRAHAM
ADAMSON READS HIS ANCIENT
PARCHMENT--

--IN VOES
THE MYSTIC
ALPHABETS
OF THE 221
GATES--

--THEN GLANCES UP SEARCHING FOR SOME
SMALL GESTURE-- SOME SIGN-- TO SHOW
THE CREATURE LIVES--



FAILURE-- WITH THE LIVES
OF HIS FAMILY AT STAKE--
IS MORE THAN THE OLD MAN
CAN BEAR. HE BOWS HIS
HEAD, EYES WELLING UP WITH
WATER--

--UNTIL, AT LENGTH, A
SINGLE TEAR ROLLS
OFF THE HOLLOW OF
HS EYE--

--AND, IN THAT SEARING IN-
STANT, THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM
ADAMSON COMES TO AN END--





VOODOO MAIL!

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A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT FROM STAN, ROY AND MARVEL COMICS

By the time this message appears in any of our mags, you'll already have noticed that all of our 36-page comic magazines are now 25¢ — a nickel more than they were a few short weeks ago.

Maybe your first reaction to the price hike was the same as ours might be if we were in your shoes: "What's Marvel trying to do to us, anyway?" Don't they know we've got enough troubles, what with inflation, shortages, and an energy crisis on our hands, without trying to clip us for 5¢ more every time we want a little fantasy-filled escape from it all?" What is this — some kind of rip-off, so that Stan and Roy can vacation on the Riviera this year?"

If that was your reaction, it's an understandable one — and we'd just like to ask you to listen to our side of it for a minute before you decide.

This year, the widely-publicized paper shortage (in addition to various labor settlements among the companies that print, sell, and distribute Marvel Comics) caused additional expenses to Marvel of several hundred thousand dollars. That means that we had to make that much extra money just to stay even, despite the fact that our sales in 1973 were the best in the business.

So, we had no choice, really, but to increase the cover price of our magazines, the same way that just about everybody else has to.

And, just in case you think we're now getting rich off that new-found nickel, Believe it or not, that extra copper only covers about half the cost of the paper strike and other shortages.

What're we doing about the whole situation?

We think the answer's obvious, if you take a look at some of the titles we're now publishing besides our 36-pagers. There's our increasingly popular 75¢ line of full-scale magazines, first of all. Already, our four flagship 75-centers are being joined by THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU and the return (on March 26) of SAVAGE TALES — with two or three more much-requested types of mags already in the works.

Likewise, there's our spanking new, sensational 35¢ giant-size comics — a full 52 pages of colorful cavorting, and now a bigger bang than ever!

Not only that, but the next few weeks will herald the coming of a brand new Marvel phenomenon: our swingin' SUPER-GIANTS, featuring one hundred big pages for just 60¢ including a feature-length new tale each and every issue. The Bullpen Bulletins Pages will give you the full scoop, next time around — but rest assured that you're gonna be getting your money's worth!

Not only that — but we've got other plans we can't even hint at yet!

Well, that's about it. We've had our say.

About the only other thing we can do is to affirm once more that, just as we've been doing for over a decade now, every artist and writer in the Bullpen will be striving night and day, even harder than ever (if that's possible), to see to it that you consider — each precious coin spent on a Marvel mag to be one of the wisest investments you ever made.

Let's kick this thing together, okay?

Thanks for listening.

SPECIAL BULLPEN NOTE:!!!

It had to happen.

Marvel was first among comics publishers to feature black superheroes — and villains. Marvel was first to recognize the women's movement in comics with characters like the Black Widow. And now, in this issue of STRANGE TALES, we're proud to introduce the comics' first Jewish monster-hero.

Needless to say, we're looking forward to your reactions to this not-exactly-original (since the legend of the Golem is not of our creation, obviously) yet highly innovative feature. So...grab a sheet of paper or a post card or last week's leftover bagel and WRITE!!

Meanwhile, let's take a retrospective look at the strip which graced these pages from issue #169 through #173 — the awesome BROTHER VOODOO!

Dear Len, Gene, Dick and Roy

I have before me issues 169-173 of STRANGE TALES the entire BROTHER VOODOO saga so far. And I don't know quite what to say. Len Wein's scripting has been excellent. Gene Colan's art has been nothing short of phenomenal. Yet, somehow something is missing. I think I know what it is, but I'm going to keep you in suspense while I talk about the good aspects of the series. I

been, if not flawless, then nearly so. I was a little annoyed that Len confused the Haitians with the Jamaicans with regard to their dialogue in the early issues (Haitians speak a French patois while Jamaicans speak that lovely West Indies dialect that Len was trying to write), but other than this the dialogue has been excellent, the narrative captions, evocative. Even the name of the character — Jericho Drumm — is perfect. Not too ordinary, not too blatantly corny. Len gets a "B+" for his efforts.

Colan was the logical penciler for BROTHER VOODOO, a man with an eye for mood and detail who is also able to make action scenes work. He gave Brother Voodoo the nobility and stature of Sub-Mariner, the fluidity of movement of Daredevil, and the almost tangible presence of Dracula. And every inker who handled the strip has been faithful, I think, to what Gene was trying to convey.

So what went wrong?

For me, there were several elements that didn't quite click. The costume was one. I would have preferred a red, yellow, and black motif, some sort of footgear, and decoration that resembled the waves (the geometric worship designs) of Voodoo. As it is, Brother Voodoo resembles (are you ready?) a black Ameri-can Indian who has from the jungles of Shanna, the Black Panther, or Ka-Zar.

Secondly, and this is going to sound like a contradiction, the plots were all wrong. I've done just a little reading into the subject of Voodoo and I'm no expert, but it seems to me that Voodoo is an earthy, nutty gritty, grassroots religion. Len kept

it all in the forest. As I mentioned, I n't writing has

treating it like Christianity, and, on occasion, like the myths of Asgard! Too high-flown, too mystical. In the same vein, I disliked the way Voodoo gods and spirits kept popping up as costumed villains. (I'm referring here to Baron Samedi and Damboah.) Voodoo as a religion is largely concerned with very mundane stuff like money, revenge, love and sex, none of which lend themselves to superhero stories. It was a rare case of the writing itself being technically excellent but the stories the words were telling being the wrong ones.



Finally, the use of science-fiction elements like A.M. was a serious mistake. As an outgrowth of the Comics Code regulation against using real zombies (which you mentioned in #173), and thanks for that insight and your ability to do stories about the real concerns of Voodoo, you had to resort to this. It's understandable, but it ain't good. It's like having Dr. Strange fight Dormammu for twenty pages, only to find out on the last page that it was real y a robot duplicate. Know what I mean?

So there you have it. My ideas, for what they're worth. But let me close on a positive note. If BROTHER VOODOO continues to appear as a regular feature in TALES OF THE ZOMBIE you could still have a hit on your hands! Since the black-and-white mags (al aren't governed by the Comics Code and (b) de-

pend more on blood and horror and less on action and nutty costumes, you could easily turn BROTHER VOODOO into the kind of strip it's supposed to be, with Jericho roaming the streets of New Orleans fighting real Voodoo curses and helping the innocent victims of those curses. Think it over, man? I'd hate to see a strip with so much good about it go into limbo.

Dale Cargrove
Austin, Texas

Whew! Thanks, Dale, for one of the most exhaustive analyses of any strip we've ever received. We can't say we agreed entirely with all you said, but you raised some interesting points, which we hope your fellow readers will see fit to expand upon.

Meantime, let's just remind everybody that the current issue of TALES OF THE ZOMBIE is (theoretically) still on sale—and if you can find a copy, grab it! It features the conclusion of the Wein/Colan "Black Talon" episode of BROTHER VOODOO, plus a little bit of mystery and mayhem—and sheer, unadulterated terror—we call "Palace of Black Magic" starring (who else?) THE ZOMBIE—comics' most popular dead body.

Back to BROTHER VOODOO for a second, though. Dale, as weird as it sounds, the strip was not cancelled because of poor sales...exactly. It fell victim, rather to one of those incomprehensible laws of comics economics that makes even some okay selling mags unprofitable to continue. We don't understand it, ourselves, but the guys who keep the books tell us that's how it works. (We are wondering if maybe we shouldn't do a comic called ECONOMICS TEAM-UP starring John Kenneth Galbraith and John Maynard Keynes.)



THIS IS IT! YOUR
MARVEL
VALUE
STAMP
FOR THIS ISSUE!
CLIP 'EM AND
COLLECT 'EM!

TWO VAMPIRE MAGS ARE BETTER THAN ONE!

SO HERE THEY ARE--
IN ALL THEIR
GRUELOUS GLORY!

DRACULA LIVES! Vol. 2 #6
THE KING OF VAMPIRES--IN THREE
TALES OF TIMELESS TERROR!

VAMPIRE TALES #4!
MORBIUS THE LIVING VAMPIRE AND A
HOST OF OTHER GRAVE-SPAWNED
GHOULIES--ALL IN ONE
MONSTROUS MAG!

PLUS BOTH MAGS SPOTLIGHT
PHOTO FEATURES AND FANTASY ABOUT
THE THINGS THEY CALL--THE UNDEAD!!

ON SALE IN MARCH!

ONLY 75¢
WHERE
MONSTER
MAGS ARE
SOLD!

MONUMENTAL MEMOS OF CHILLERS, THRILLERS, AND FILLERS!

STAN LEE'S SOAPBOX

If you happened to miss the ol' Soapbox last issue, it's because I was in sunny Italy and didn't return in time to write it. But don't think I deserted you, O True Believer! I was there on your behalf, and now that I'm back I'm just bustin' to tell you about the fun and excitement of the biggest comic-book convention of them all! About 200 miles south of Milan, in the beautiful, ancient city of Lucca, they've been holding an annual comic-book congress for the past eight years. This year's Lucca 9 was the biggest yet. The whole town played host to writers and artists from all over the world. There were shows, panels, exhibits and ceremonies lasting an entire week. Inside the main auditorium the seats were equipped with earphones through which you could hear translations of every speech in virtually every language. It was like being at the U.N., but lots more fun. And if those wild, warm, and wonderful Italians aren't the friendliest people around, then Thor bleaches his hair! But the thing that impressed me most—the thing I want you to know, is—in Europe comics are taken far more seriously by the adult population than in America. If you didn't know Lucca 9 was comic-book oriented you'd have thought it was a business convention. The adults, including the Mayor of Lucca himself, far outnumbered the youngsters in attendance. There were professors, businessmen, scientists, filmmakers, lawyers, and literally hundreds of other mature, serious fans deeply involved in one of the most popular art forms of all—the ubiquitous comic-strip! So here's to all of Marvel's fabulous friends in Lucca, and throughout the free world. So long as we strangers from different lands can come together in good will and mutual respect, so long as art can help to forge a lasting bond between people and nations; then so long shall there still be hope for an abiding peace upon this troubled earth.

Excelsior!

Stan

ITEM! We've lots of bombshells to explode this time around, so let's get rolling, shall we—?

ITEM! The big news this month—and we do mean big—is a fabulous pair of new mags sporting 52 great pages for just 35¢! That's right—our swingin' Summer-of-'73 Specials were such a rousing success, and so many of you requested more of the same, that we began work almost at once on a regular line of 35-

centers! The only difference is, these new titles will contain mostly new stories and art, plus a whole passel of bonus features such as pinups, interviews, and more surprises than you can shake a Forbush at! The first of these mind-benders has already been on sale for a few weeks now: the first far-out issue of GIANT-SIZE SUPER STARS, headlining the Fantastic Four, no less (with the ever-incredible Hulk as guest star)! As those of you who purchased this sell-out sensation already know, SUPER STARS is a monthly mag, featuring no less than three rotating series, in the style of those Mystery Movies that've taken TV by storm. The FF led off the parade, of course, and this month's second slam-bang issue heralds the much-requested team up of two of the most monstrous super-villains of all—Morbius, the Living Vampire, and the menacing Man-Wolf (alias John Jameson), against none other than your friendly neighborhood Spider-Man! While the third issue, on sale in April, will star still another of Marvel's mightiest Conan the Barbarian! Then, the whole cycle will start all over again, with the F.F., Spidey, and Conan each appearing four times a year, in some of the most spectacular sagas ever recorded—we kid you not!

That's GIANT-SIZE SUPER-STARS, still on sale—if you're lucky!

Got it? Okay, then you're all set for our next scoop—!

ITEM! Our second magnificent new 35¢ mag has a title nearly as mind-boggling as the first: it's GIANT-SIZE CHILLERS, and it debuts March 12, starring (who else?) the one and only Dracula himself! But, this sinister series is called "The Curse of Dracula," and it'll be a wee bit different from the Lord of Vampires' other Marvel misadventures, for it'll deal mainly with those whose lives are touched by our blood-thirsting Count in some way, beginning with Dracula's very own daughter, as depicted on this self-same page! (Don't worry, though—our Transylvanian terror will appear prominently in each and every one of these tales!) And, since our new monthly CHILLERS mag has the same format as SUPER-STARS, Drac's new fear-fests will alternate with those of two other baneful new lights in the Marvel firmament: Werewolf by Night, and the macabre Man-Thing! All in GIANT-SIZE SUPER CHILLERS!

Hope that's all clear, Flame-Keeper. 'Cause as of right now—you're on your own!

ITEM! And, sharing the limelight with these two blockbusters, have we got news for you! SAVAGE TALES is coming back for the third time—and this time, we're gonna go 'way out on a limb and predict that this most-honored Marvel mag is here to stay! In fact, we're so sure of it that we've already scheduled it for bi-monthly publications, like our

other 75¢ titles, with the first of the new series going on sale March 26! There'll be brand new, grand new Conan sagas by the likes of Barry Smith, John Buscema, G.I. Kane, and Neal Adams—special items of interest to sword and sorcery swashbucklers the world over plus a phantasmagorical new feature on the greatest fantasy films of all time! Now, if that isn't 'nuff said we don't know what is!

ITEM! Whew! We've just room enough to tell you that a couple of other new series make their debut this month as well. One is The Living Mummy, who returns as the star of SUPERNATURAL THRILLERS, where he made his first foray a few months back. The other is The Golem, whose stomping grounds (and we mean just that!) will be STRANGE TALES! All this—plus an extra special issue of WORLDS UNKNOWN, featuring an awesome adaptation of Columbia Pictures' new thriller, "The Golden Voyage of Sinbad"! Need we say it? It's the Marvel Age of Comics all over again!

ITEM! Due to a last-minute emergency, we had to forego our widely-acclaimed Bullpen Bonus Page this go-round. So, we'll have to wait till next month to tell you all about the brain-blasting bargains that'll be yours when you've amassed a complete set of MARVEL VALUE STAMPS—or about some of the hectic hijinx which the World's Weirdest Bullpen have been up to—not to mention the return of our capricious Checklist. Next time, though, we promise you two full pages of Marvel news and views! Just wait and see!

THE DAUGHTER OF DRACULA LURKS IN THE PAGES OF GIANT-SIZE CHILLERS

NUMBER ONE!

52 BIG PAGES
ONLY 35¢!



--AND SHE'S NOT ALONE!
ON SALE MARCH 12th!

THE NIGHT HAS TURNED CAMEL, MURKED BY A BITTER WIND AS THE EVIL COLONEL OMAR LEADS HIS CAPTIVES TO A DUSTY EVERLASTING VEHICLE AND

IF YOU WOULD ALL BE SO KIND AS TO GET INTO THE JEEP PLEASE?

YOU KNOW YOU NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS DON'T YOU, CHAOS?

THAT'S A TIRED CHE, EVEN FOR AN AMERICAN, EFFENDI GRIM.

NO, IT IS A SLOW, UNSTEADILY AND UNBALANCED MOTION AS THEY SWAY IN THE DESERT DUST.

THE PURPOSE IS TO MAKE THEM GRIM.

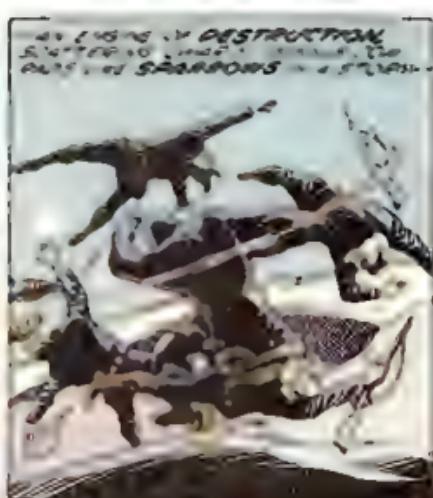


THEY ARE A SIGN THE JUNGLE DESERT SOONERS DIE--THEIR EYES ARE BEARDED, STILL--SUDENLY.

LOOK! THE JUNGLE--SOMETHING EAR--OUT OF CANVAS--!







WITH THAT, THE GOLEM HESITATES-- HIS HOODED EYES LOCKED FIRST UPON REBECCA ADAMSON'S TERRIFIED FEATURES--



PLEASE-- PLEASE DON'T LET HIM KILL ME--!

--THEN UPON THE TRIUMPHANT LEERING FACE OF THE MURDEROUS COLONEL OMAR--



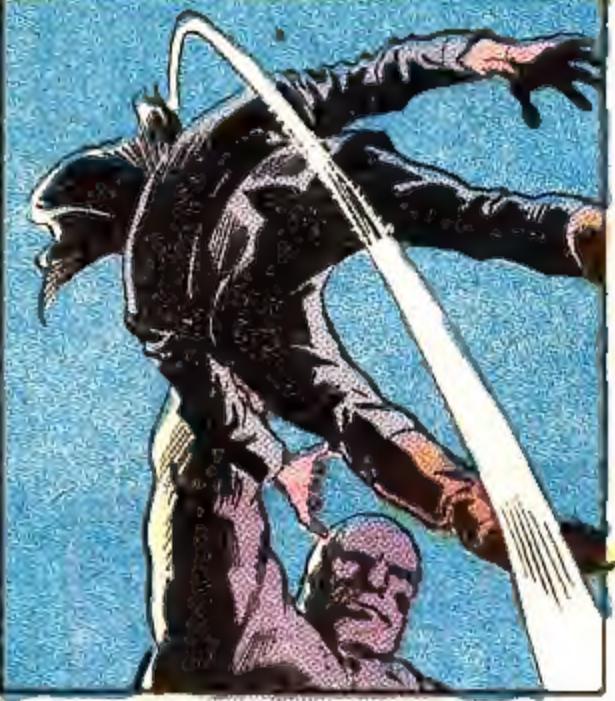
THE DEMON STOPS-- IT STOPS--!

--AND HIS CHILD-LIKE MIND HAVING REACHED A DECISION AT LAST--



--THE GOLEM ACTS!

HIS WEAPON SHATTERED, THE MAN CALLED OMAR SCREAMS AS HE IS PLUCKED FROM THE JEEP LIKE A FLIMSY RAG DOLL--



--AND THE GOLEM HEARS THESE SCREAMS, PERHAPS EVEN UNDERSTANDS THEM--



--BUT, UNFORTUNATELY FOR OMAR, THAT DOES NOT CHANGE A THING.

FILLED MORE WITH LOVE FOR THE ADAMSONS AND LOGAN THAN WITH HATRED FOR THE PANIC-STRICKEN COLONEL--



AND WHEN HIS GRISLY TASK IS DONE, THE CREATURE STANDS, UNCERTAIN OF WHAT NEXT TO DO--



--AS THOSE WHO WERE IN PART RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS RESURRECTION MOVE CAUTIOUSLY CLOSER, STUDYING HIS IMMOBILE FORM--



AND SUDDENLY, AN INVOLUNTARY WAIL ESCAPES REBECCA ADAMSON'S LIPS-- FOR THERE IS INDEED SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THE GOLEM--



"*Next: BLACK CROSSING!*

FOOLPROOF!



SIX BLOCKS! THAT MEANS IT **SHOULD** TAKE THEM ABOUT 2 1/2 MINUTES TO GET HERE FROM THE TIME I PHONE IN THE ALARM!

ON FIRE DEPT.

NO PARKING

THAT WILL GIVE ME A SAFETY MARGIN OF 2 1/2 MINUTES... PLENTY OF TIME FOR THE FIREMEN TO RESCUE ME!

THERE! NOW I'VE GOT TO RUSH UPSTAIRS AND PHONE!



IF I START THE FIRE ON THE GROUND FLOOR OF MY BUILDING, AND THEN RUN TO THE TOP... IT SHOULD TAKE ABOUT FIVE MINUTES FOR THE FLAMES TO REACH ME.



AND NOBODY WOULD EVER ACCUSE **ME** OF STARTING THE FIRE IF I'M FOUND ON THE TOP FLOOR, ABOUT TO BE BURNED! THE PLAN IS FOOLPROOF!



I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THIS PLAN **LONG** AGO!



THE PLACE IS BURNING LIKE
TINDERWOOD! I'VE GOT TO
GET TO THAT PHONE
FAST!



...HERE'S THE TOP
FLOOR... THE PHONE
SHOULD BE OVER
THERE!



GOOD HEAVENS, THE FLAMES ARE COMING UP
HERE ALREADY!! I HAVEN'T A SECOND
TO SPARE!



THE PHONE...
AT LAST...

BUT WAIT
A MINUTE!!



IT'S A
PAY
PHONE!!



AND I HAVEN'T
ANY COINS!!



THE END